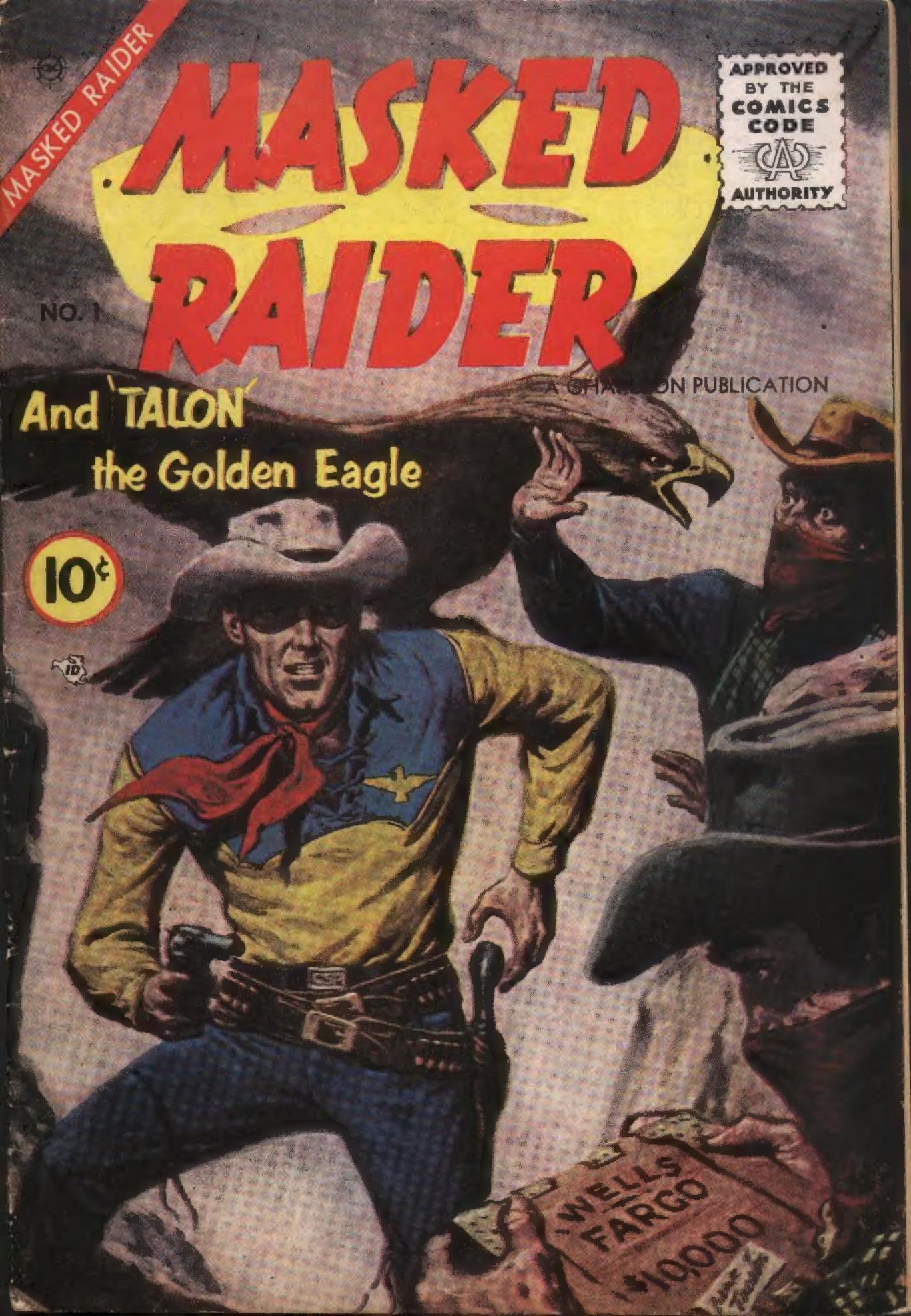
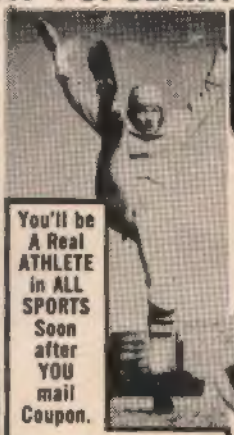

MASKED RAIDER
MASKED RAIDER
NO. 1
And 'TALON' the Golden Eagle
10¢
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
A CHARLTON PUBLICATION
WELLS FARGO
$10000

Come on, Buddy, Quit being A BAG-of-BONES Weakling like I was

IN 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY YOU Can do ALL I did!

I gained **25** Terrific LBS. of **HANDSOME POWER-PACKED MUSCLES** all over!
I improved my **HE-MAN LOOKS 1000%**
I won **NEW STRENGTH** for money-making work! for WINNING at all SPORTS!
I won **NEW POPULARITY** Won NEW FRIENDS, BOYS & GIRLS NEW CHANCES for BUSINESS SUCCESS

"I'm PROUD to be seen with Jim NOW! Everybody admires his build," says Nellie. "Jim can lift the front of a 2700 lb. car. He amazes his friends!"



You'll be A Real ATHLETE in ALL SPORTS Soon after YOU mail Coupon.

Jim is a WINNER in ALL SPORTS NOW. YOU will be, too, soon.

How did I do ALL This? I mailed the Coupon and got These **5** PICTURE PACKED HE MAN COURSES Which YOU can NOW get FREE BEFORE $1 PRICE GOES BACK Millions Sold for $1

GET ALL 5 FREE

HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY CHEST
By GEORGE F. JOWETT
1
"I added 7 inches to my CHEST 3 inches to each ARM," says Jobie Jackson
2
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY ARM
By GEORGE F. JOWETT
3
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY BACK
By GEORGE F. JOWETT
4
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY GRIP
By GEORGE F. JOWETT
5
HOW TO MOLD MIGHTY LEGS
By GEORGE F. JOWETT

COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU give me **10** PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY IN YOUR OWN HOME like Jim did and I'll give YOU A NEW HE-MAN BODY for your OLD SKELETON FRAME

"Congratulations, John! At last you mailed the coupon as EVERY MAN should. Soon You'll be as big and strong as I am," says Jim Norman to John Luckus

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are I'll make you OVER by the SAME method I turned myself from a wreck to the strongest of the strong. Why can't I do for you what I did for MANY THOUSANDS of skinny fellows like You?

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!

YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to your ARMS and CHEST. Your BACK and SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels you'll gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll be A WINNER in EVERYTHING you tackle

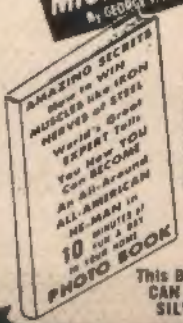
Hi Pal! Win $100 as I just did!

YOU CAN WIN a BIG 15" SILVER CUP as I just did! with YOUR NAME engraved on it!

JIM NORMAN
AFTER
He Mailed Coupon Below is Cleveland
BEFORE
He Mailed Coupon
90 lb. Skeleton
He says, I gained 70 lbs. of mighty muscle

Mail the "ALL FREE" coupon get this "AMAZING SECRETS" Photo Book

You'll LOOK, FEEL, ACT, like A Real HE-MAN! Win Women and Men Friends. Win in Sports! Win Promotion, Praise, Popularity.


AMAZING SECRETS
How to WIN MUSCLES like IRON NERVES of STEEL
World's Great EXPERT Tells You How YOU Can BECOME An All-Around ALL-AMERICAN HE-MAN in 10 MINUTES a DAY in your own home
PHOTO BOOK

This BOOK will also show You HOW YOU CAN WIN $100.00 and a BIG 15" tall SILVER TROPHY (Your Name On It)

LAST CHANCE-ALL FREE COUPON

1. FIVE COURSES 2. MUSCLE METER
3. Photo Book of STRONG MEN

Dept. CH-53
Tell Me How To WIN $100, etc.

Famous Courses greatest in World for Building All-Around HE MEN — P. F. Kelton Physical Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Dear George Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses 1 How to Build a Mighty Chest 2 How to Build a Mighty Arm 3 How to Build a Mighty Grip 4 How to Build a Mighty Back 5 How to Build Mighty Legs Now all in One Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN" ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING and C.O.D.'s!

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ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE ____ STATE _____

SAVES you YEARS and DOLLARS!!!

Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!

MASKED RAIDER Volume 1, Number 1 June, 1955
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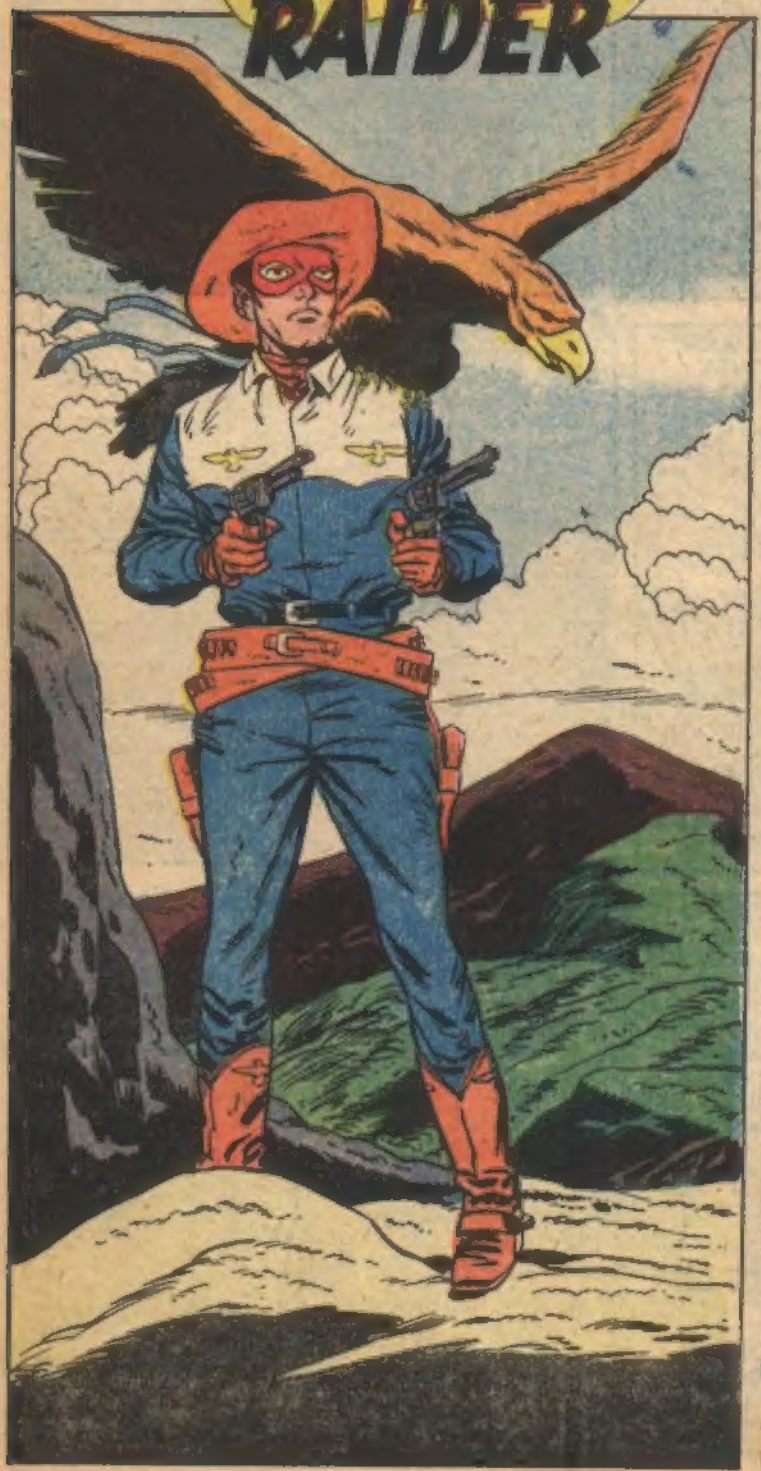
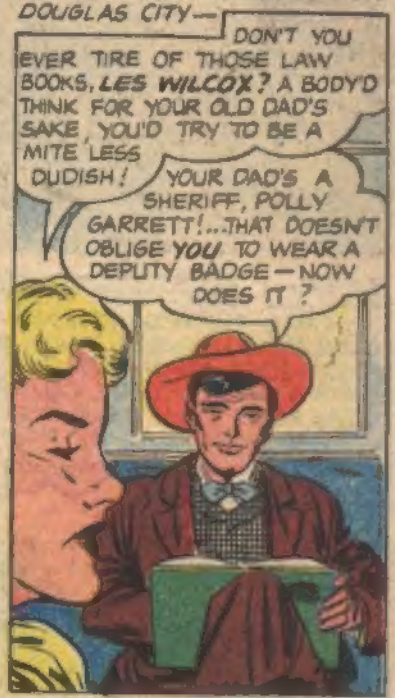
ONE MAN AND ONE EAGLE! THE STRANGEST PAIR THE WEST HAS EVER SEEN FIGHTING ON THE SIDE OF JUSTICE—AND ALSO THE DEADLIEST! ONE MAN—ONE EAGLE—

MASKED RAIDER And 'TALON' the Golden Eagle

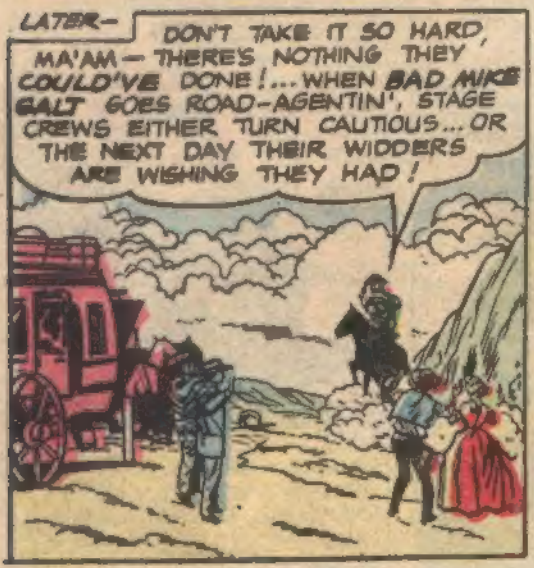


INSIDE THE STAGE HEADED FOR DOUGLAS CITY—


DON'T YOU EVER TIRE OF THOSE LAW BOOKS, LES WILCOX? A BODY'D THINK FOR YOUR OLD DAD'S SAKE, YOU'D TRY TO BE A MITE LESS DUDISH!
YOUR DAD'S A SHERIFF, POLLY GARRETT!..THAT DOESN'T OBLIGE YOU TO WEAR A DEPUTY BADGE—NOW DOES IT?

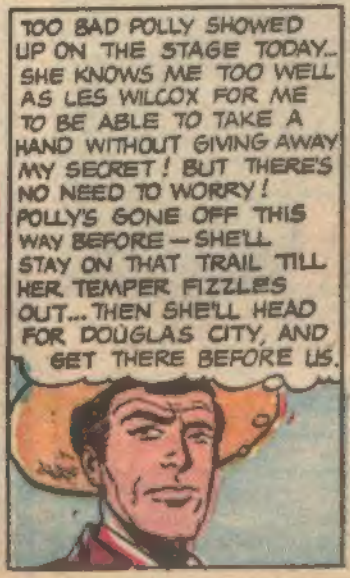
JUMP DOWN PRONTO WITH THE STRONG BOX BETWEEN YOU... AND CALL THE PASSENGERS TO STEP DOWN WHILE YOU'RE AT IT!

WHEN POLLY GARRETT STEPS OUT, HER TEMPER IS HOT AS A BRANDING IRON—
YOU CALL YOURSELVES A STAGE CREW? ONLY ONE MAN... AND HE'S HOGTYING THE LOT OF YOU! ISN'T ANYBODY GOING TO DO ANYTHING..?


LATER—
DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD, MA'AM — THERE'S NOTHING THEY COULD'VE DONE!... WHEN BAD MIKE GALT GOES ROAD-AGENTIN', STAGE CREWS EITHER TURN CAUTIOUS... OR THE NEXT DAY THEIR WIDDERS ARE WISHING THEY HAD!

AFTER BAD MIKE HAS PASSED OVER THE RIDGE
POLLY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
HE CUT A HORSE FROM THE TEAM — WHY CAN'T I? AFTER ALL, I'M A SHERIFF'S DAUGHTER...!

THE LEAST I CAN DO IS STAY ON BAD MIKE'S TRAIL WHILE IT'S FRESH... TO SEE JUST WHERE HE HITS THE FOOTHILLS... SO WHEN MY DAD RIDES OUT WITH THE POSSE, HE'LL KNOW WHERE TO HEAD!


TOO BAD POLLY SHOWED UP ON THE STAGE TODAY... SHE KNOWS ME TOO WELL AS LES WILCOX FOR ME TO BE ABLE TO TAKE A HAND WITHOUT GIVING AWAY MY SECRET! BUT THERE'S NO NEED TO WORRY! POLLY'S GONE OFF THIS WAY BEFORE — SHE'LL STAY ON THAT TRAIL TILL HER TEMPER FIZZLES OUT... THEN SHE'LL HEAD FOR DOUGLAS CITY, AND GET THERE BEFORE US.

BUT WHEN THE STAGE ROLLS INTO DOUGLAS CITY—
POLLY GARRET SHOW UP YET, DAD?
AIN'T SEEN HIDE NOR HAIR OF HER, SON! ANYTHIN' WRONG?

MEANWHILE, IN THE FOOTHILLS—

I SAW LES WILCOX SMILING AS I RODE OFF FROM THE STAGE...IF HE THINKS I'M GOING TO TURN BACK THIS TIME THE WAY I—

LOOKIN' FER ME, MA'AM?

GALT!

NOBODY ELSE!... I SPOTTED YUH OVER AN HOUR AGO! ALL I HAD TO DO WAS WAIT FOR A SNAKE BEND IN THE TRAIL, THEN MOSEY UP OFF ONTO THE HARDROCK...AND BACKTRAIL A MITE!

Y-YOU'LL TURN ME LOOSE IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU! MY DAD'LL BE COMING AFTER ME WITH A POSSE BEFORE LONG!

THAT'S JIST WHY I'M GOING TO HOLD ONTO YOU, MA'AM! YORE BEIN' AROUND WILL MAKE THAT POSSE THINK TWICE ABOUT THROWIN' LEAD IF THEY EVER CORNER ME!

LATER, BACK IN DOUGLAS CITY—

AREN'T YUH GOIN' TO CALL ON MY BOY, LES, TO RIDE WITH THUH POSSE, SHERIFF?

SORRY, WILCOX—THIS IS A MAN'S JOB WE'RE TACKLIN'...HE'D ONLY BE IN THUH WAY!

IF I'D KNOWN BACK WHEN I WAS AN INJUN SCOUT THET MY SON WOULD GROW UP TO BE THUH ONE MAN LEFT BEHIND WHEN A POSSE RIDES OUT...I'D HAVE LASSOED ME ANOTHER BUFFALO INSTEAD OF A WIFE!

TOO BAD...BUT FOR DAD'S OWN SAKE, I CAN'T LET HIM IN ON MY SECRET!

AS SOON AS THE OLD MAN IS SNORING IN BED—

HAVE TO MAKE TIME! I HAVE A LOT OF TERRITORY TO COVER TONIGHT!

MOUNTING UP WITH THE GRACE AND STRENGTH OF A BORN HORSEMAN, LES GALLOPS AWAY...

IT'S ALMOST DAWN WHEN HE REINS IN AT THE SECRET CAVE... AFTER A QUICK CHANGE INSIDE WHERE THE SHADOWS ARE THICKEST, HE STRIDES OUT AS THE MASKED RAIDER!

You, Too, Can Be Tough!

GREATEST SELF-DEFENSE OFFER EVER MADE!

LIGHTNING JU-JITSU

Master Ju-Jitsu and you'll be able to overcome any attack—win any fight! This is what this book promises you! *Lightning Ju-Jitsu* will equip you with a powerful defense and counter-attack against any bully, attacker or enemy. It is equally effective and easy to use by any woman or man, boy or girl—and you don't need big muscles or weight to apply. Technique and the know-how does the trick. This book gives you all the secrets, grips, blows, pressures, jabs, tactics, etc. which are so deadly effective in quickly "putting an attacker out of business." Such as: Hitting Where It Hurts—Edge of the Hand Blow—Knuckle Jab—Shoulder Pinch—Teeth Rattler—Boxing the Ears—Elbow Jab—Knee Jab—Coat Grip—Bouncer Grip—Thumbscrew—Strangle Hold—Hip Throw—Shoulder Throw—Chin Throw—Knee Throw—*Breaking* a Wristlock, or Body Grip, or Strangle Hold—*Overcoming* a Hold-up, or Gun Attack, or Knife Attack, or Club Assault, etc. etc.—Just follow the illustrations and easy directions, practice the grips, holds and movements—and you'll fear no man.

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How to Perform STRONG MAN STUNTS

With every order we will send you ABSOLUTELY FREE this exciting book! It shows you the *secret way* in which YOU will be able to: tear a telephone book in half—hammer a nail into a board with your bare fist—rip a full deck of cards into two parts—crush and shatter a rock with a blow of your hand—and many other stupendous strong man stunts! All this will be easy for you using the confidential, hidden way shown in this amazing book! Don't miss this amazing combined offer—on our FIVE DAY TRIAL! If not delighted with your results, your money back at once.

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I enclose $1—*Send Postpaid* (*Sorry, No C.O.D.'s*)

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City..... Zone.... State.....

FREE 5 DAY TRIAL

NOW HE CLIMBS A STEEP, HIGH-WINDING MOUNTAIN TRAIL UP TO WHERE IT ENDS A SHEER ROCK. AND THERE HE STANDS AND WHISTLES PIERCINGLY...

HIS STRAINING EARS SENSE A FAINT STIRRING IN THE EYRIE ABOVE...A HISSING ...THEN A SERIES OF HIGH PITCHED SQUEALS...

THEN A RUSHING, SWELLING, THUNDEROUS NOISE AS A GIANT BIRD COMES BEATING DOWN...

ONLY TO BRAKE HARD WITH WINGS AND FEET TOGETHER AT THE LAST POSSIBLE MOMENT—AND LAND WITH TENDER LIGHTNESS ON THE MASKED RAIDER'S SHOULDERS.

THEY'RE SOMEWHERE OUT THERE, TALON. YOU FIND THEM! DON'T ATTACK! VERY IMPORTANT — DON'T ATTACK! SIGNAL TO ME—I'LL COME RIDING. NOW FLY, TALON, FLY!

TALON JUTS HIS BREAST FORWARD AND WITH A CLAP OF HIS GIANT WINGS, STARTS TO TAKE AIR! A MOMENT'S GROPING...AND HE'S FOUND A STRONG UP-DRAFT DEFLECTED OFF THE CLIFF! USING THE WIND AS A TOW-LINE, HE SPIRALS UPWARDS...

THE MINUTES DRAG SLOWLY BY...

NOTHING TALON CAN'T SEE WITH THOSE EYES OF— HE'S STOPPED CIRCLING! HE SPOTTED THEM! THOSE DIVES AND SWOOPS MEAN HE'S SPOTTED THEM!

AFTER SIGNALLING BACK TO TALON BY WAVING HIS SOMBRERO, THE MASKED RAIDER CLIMBS DOWN FAST TO WHERE HIS HORSE IS TETHERED—

LATER...
TALON'S SIGNALLING THAT THEY'RE UP ON THE ROCK LEDGE!
ONLY WAY I'LL EVER GET ACROSS THAT OPEN SPACE WITHOUT BEING SPOTTED, IS IF GALT'S SLEEPING OFF THE FULL NIGHT'S RIDE IT MUST'VE TAKEN THEM TO GET HERE...!
BUT AS THE MASKED RAIDER STARTS THE SLOW CRAWL FORWARD, GALT IS WIDE AWAKE!
THAT'S THUH MASKED RAIDER HEADED THIS WAY! I HAVE' TA DO SOMETHING PRONTO... THET GALOOT'S PIZEN ON OWLHOOTS! HMM— THUH GAL'S FAST ASLEEP! MAYBE IF I WAKED HER SUDDEN-LIKE AND STARTED TALKIN' FAST... HMMM!
GET UP! SHHH— TAKE THIS GUN! THERE'S A MASKED OWLHOOT COMIN' FER US... HIM AN' HIS GANG'S AFTER THUH LOOT I TOOK FROM THE STAGE! YOU STOP HIM FROM HERE WHILE I TRY HANDLIN' THUH REST OF THUH GANG CREEPIN' UP THUH BACK TRAIL...!
WH-WHAT? WHO?
NO TIME FER QUESTIONS! THEY ARE ALL KILLERS! SHOOT AS SOON AS YOU GET HIM IN YOUR SIGHTS...!
H-HE MUST BE TELLING THE TRUTH ...OTHERWISE HE'D NEVER HAVE TRUSTED ME WITH A GUN!
THET GUN I GAVE HER IS EMPTY! SHE'LL SQUEEZE TRIGGER... THUH MASKED RAIDER'LL HEAR THUH CLICK...AND WHILE HE'S BUSY FIGGERIN' OUT WHUT'S HAPPENIN', I'LL PERCOLATE HIM FROM HERE!
CLICK!

BUT BEFORE GALT CAN FIRE, THERE'S THE RUSHING NOISE OF A GIANT BIRD'S DIVE —

HEY!

AND TALON — THE SECOND HALF OF THE STRANGEST PAIR THE WEST HAS EVER SEEN FIGHTING ON THE SIDE OF JUSTICE — ATTACKS!

LEAVE HIM BE, TALON! HE'S DROPPED HIS GUN! TALON — OFF HIM!

OBEYING THE MASKED RAIDER'S SHARP COMMAND, TALON SOARS UP... BUT NOW THE CLIFF'S EDGE BEGINS TO CRUMBLE UNDER THE TEETERING

THAT NIGHT...

WHERE'VE YOU BEEN ALL DAY? BET YUH DON'T EVEN KNOW THUH POSSE BROUGHT POLLY IN! THUH PORE GAL'S MIGHTY UPSET — KEEPS BABBLIN' ABOUT A MASKED MAN AN' AN EAGLE? HEY — YOU LISTENIN'?

BOOKS! NOTHIN' BUT DRATTED BOOKS! BELIEVE YOU ME — IF I'D KNOWN BACK WHEN I WAS AN INJUN SCOUT THET MY SON WOULD GROW UP TO BE...

FLYING EAGLE

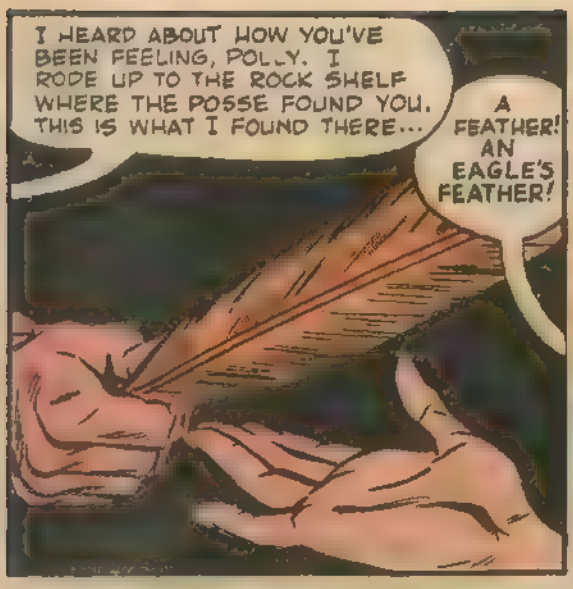
YIPPEE! IT'S GOLD!
WE'RE RICH, FLYING EAGLE... RICH!
FLYING EAGLE, FIGHTER FOR JUSTICE AND SWORN FOE OF CRIME, STAKES HIS REPUTATION AGAINST A GREEDY, MONEY-HUNGRY DESPERADO.

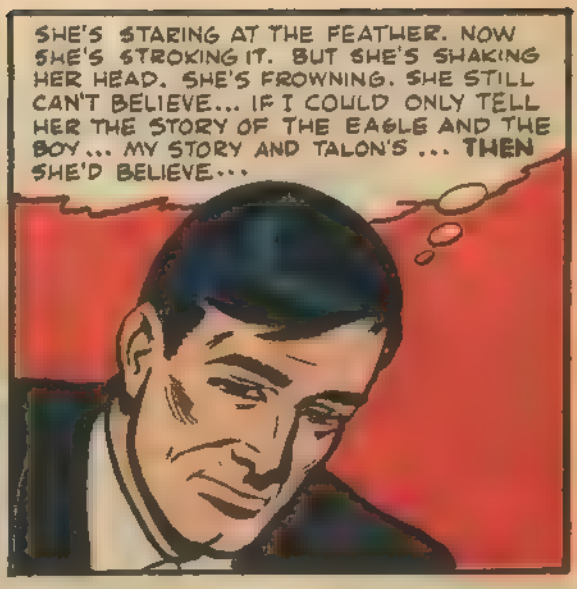
NOT SO FAST, BART! YOU HAVEN'T FILED YOUR CLAIM YET!
GOSH ALL HEMLOCK, FLYING EAGLE! I PLUMB FORGOT ALL 'BOUT THET!
AND THE VULTURES ALREADY HEARD THAT REBEL YELL O' YOUR'N! IF THAR'S A CROOK AMONG 'EM, THE COYOTE'LL BE HEADIN' FER THE COUNTY CLERK'S OFFICE AS FAST AS HIS FEET KIN CARRY HIM!
BUT THAR'S ONE FELLER NOBODY KIN OUTRUN.
. HOW'S ABOUT IT, FLYING EAGLE? WILL YUH STAKE THE CLAIM FER US?
YOU MEN MADE THE GOLD STRIKE AND THE REWARD SHOULD BE YOURS!
1

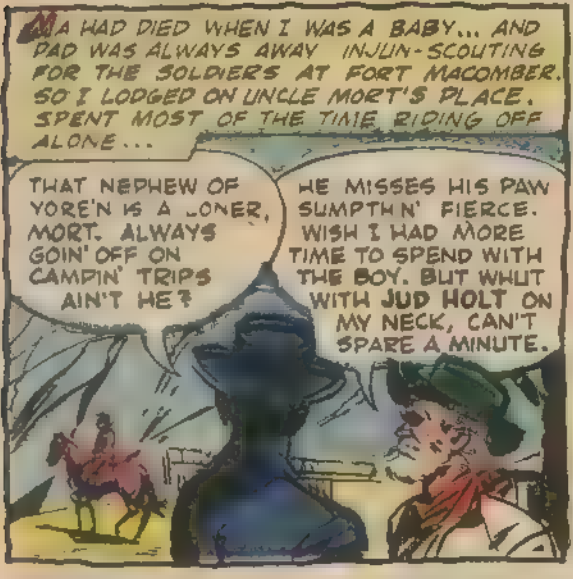
I'LL STAKE THAT CLAIM FOR YOU!
THAT FLYING EAGLE HAS THE FASTEST PAIR O' FEET IN ALL THESE HYAR PARTS! THE CLAIM'S AS GOOD AS FILED NOW!
BUT A PAIR OF EVIL EYES HAVE TAKEN IN THE WHOLE SCENE...
CONGRATULATIONS, BART! AND THE SAME TUH YUH, NEVADA! IT COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED TUH TWO NICER CRITTERS!
THEY AIN'T FILED THET CLAIM YET! AND AS SHORE AS MUH HANDLE'S BLACKY SHAW IF IT'S GONNA BE FILED AT ALL--- IT'S GONNA BE FILED IN MY NAME!
MEBBE I CAIN'T OUTRUN THET FLYING EAGLE, BUT I KNOW SOMEONE WHO KIN!
IN A FEW MINUTES...
HE'S GOT A BIG HEAD START, BUT IT AIN'T GONNA DO HIM ANY GOOD! THAR'S NO HUMAN ALIVE WHO KIN OUTRUN A HOSS!
GID'DAP!
JUST A FEW MORE MILES TO GO--- HUH! GOSH, THAT RIDER APPEARS TO BE IN AN AWFUL HURRY TO GET SOMEWHERE!
SHORTLY AFTER, UP AHEAD...
I HEARD TELL THET THIS FLYING EAGLE AIN'T THE [redacted] OF COYOTE TUH TAKE CHANCES WITH! IF I TIME THIS RIGHT, HE AIN'T GONNA BE ANY COMPETITION TUH ME FER A LONG SPELL--- HA, HA!
THAT TREE--- IT'S FALLING RIGHT IN MY PATH!
CRACK!

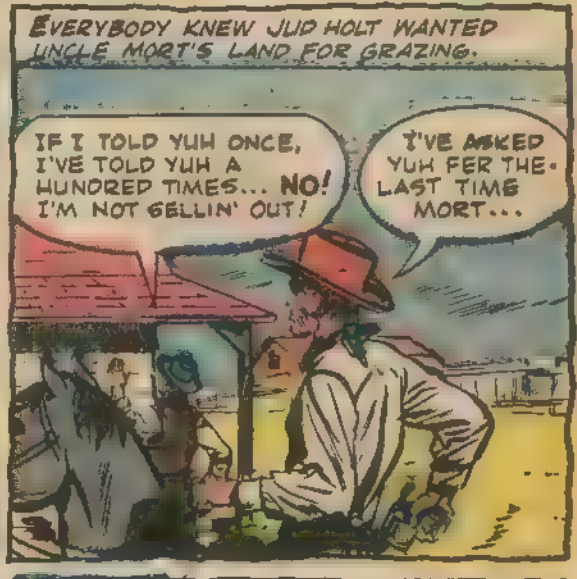
WITH PERFECT TIMING FLYING EAGLE AVOIDS CERTAIN DEATH...
THAT TREE DIDN'T FALL BY ACCIDENT! SOMEONE CUT IT!
CRASH!
BUT BY DOING SO THE KILLER GAVE ME A SHORT CUT TO THE COUNTY CLERK'S OFFICE!
IN A FEW MINUTES...
ONCE I FILE THET CLAIM I KIN SELL MUH RIGHTS FER BIG MONEY!
COUNTY CLE OFFICE
HUH...!
YOU'RE NOT FILING ANY CLAIM AND YOU'RE NOT GETTING ANY BIG MONEY!
ALL YOU'RE GETTING IS WHAT YOU DESERVE FOR BEING A CROOK...
UGH!
LATER...
IF NOT FER YUH, FLYING EAGLE, WE'D HAVE NOTHIN' NOW INSTEAD O' ALL THIS! MUH PARTNER HYAR AND I FEEL YO'RE ENTITLED TUH A SHARE O' WHUT WE MINE!
NO, THANKS! THE ONLY REWARD I SEEK [redacted] I FIGHT INJUSTICE IS TO SEE THAT RIGHT TRIUMPHS!
3

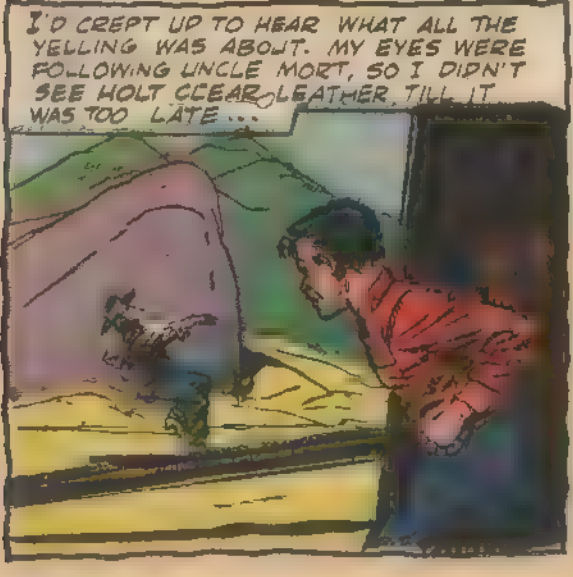
THE BOY AND THE EAGLE
HOW'S POLLY DOING, SHERIFF?
PORELY, LES. THUH GAL'S STILL FEVERISH.. SHE KEEPS CARRYIN' ON ABOUT BEIN' SAVED BY A MASKED RAIDER AN...
LES! IS THAT YOU?
LES... YOU'RE A LAWYER! YOU CAN TELL WHEN A PERSON'S REALLY SEEN SOMETHING ...OR WHEN SHE'S JUST...ER...IMAGINING, CAN'T YOU, LES? WERE THE MASKED RAIDER AND THE EAGLE ONLY A DREAM?! TH-THEY SEEMED SO REAL! I HAVE TO KNOW, LES! THE WAY PEOPLE LOOK AT ME WHEN I TALK... I'M AFRAID...(sob)...I'M LOSING MY MIND! I- I NO LONGER BELIEVE IN MYSELF!

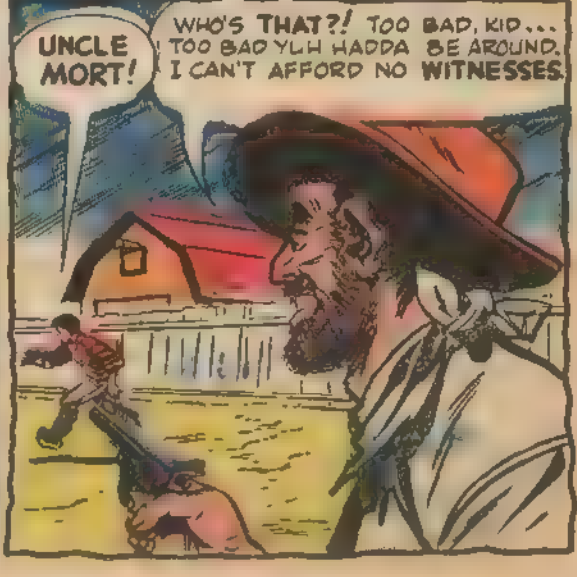

I HEARD ABOUT HOW YOU'VE BEEN FEELING, POLLY. I RODE UP TO THE ROCK SHELF WHERE THE POSSE FOUND YOU. THIS IS WHAT I FOUND THERE...
A FEATHER! AN EAGLE'S FEATHER!


SHE'S STARING AT THE FEATHER. NOW SHE'S STROKING IT. BUT SHE'S SHAKING HER HEAD. SHE'S FROWNING. SHE STILL CAN'T BELIEVE... IF I COULD ONLY TELL HER THE STORY OF THE EAGLE AND THE BOY... MY STORY AND TALON'S ... THEN SHE'D BELIEVE...


MA HAD DIED WHEN I WAS A BABY... AND PAP WAS ALWAYS AWAY INJUN-SCOUTING FOR THE SOLDIERS AT FORT MACOMBER. SO I LODGED ON UNCLE MORT'S PLACE. SPENT MOST OF THE TIME RIDING OFF ALONE...
THAT NEPHEW OF YORE'N IS A LONER, MORT. ALWAYS GOIN' OFF ON CAMPIN' TRIPS AIN'T HE?
HE MISSES HIS PAW SUMPTH'N' FIERCE. WISH I HAD MORE TIME TO SPEND WITH THE BOY. BUT WHUT WITH JUD HOLT ON MY NECK, CAN'T SPARE A MINUTE.


EVERYBODY KNEW JUD HOLT WANTED UNCLE MORT'S LAND FOR GRAZING.
IF I TOLD YUH ONCE, I'VE TOLD YUH A HUNDRED TIMES... NO! I'M NOT GELLIN' OUT!
I'VE ASKED YUH FER THE LAST TIME MORT...


I'D CREPT UP TO HEAR WHAT ALL THE YELLING WAS ABOUT. MY EYES WERE FOLLOWING UNCLE MORT, SO I DIDN'T SEE HOLT CLEAR LEATHER, TILL IT WAS TOO LATE...


UNCLE MORT!
WHO'S THAT?! TOO BAD, KID... TOO BAD YUH HADDA BE AROUND. I CAN'T AFFORD NO WITNESSES.

Just to prove how easily a few spare hours CAN EARN YOU [illegible]!

Never before a "get-acquainted" offer to match this! We want to prove you'll find it easy as pie to take orders for exquisitely-designed ALL-OCCASION CARDS. And also show how quickly you can make $50.00 in cash profit — and even more — just by spending a few hours now and then taking orders from your friends, neighbors and others. So, here's the astonishing offer we're making:

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*City & Zone*_____ *State*_____

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I TURNED TO RUN...

...AND TWISTED MY ANKLE DOING IT...

MY ANKLE STARTED TO SWELL AND THROB SENDING PAINFUL FLASHES THROUGH MY LEG. BUT I HAD TO KEEP GOING. I COULD SEE JUD HOLT COMING AFTER ME...

I DON'T KNOW HOW I MOUNTED, BUT I WAS IN THE SADDLE NOW, STILL CONSCIOUS ONLY BECAUSE THE JOLT OF GALLOPING KEPT ME FROM FAINTING! I TRIED DESPERATELY TO CATCH MY BREATH. THE REINS HUNG LOOSE. THE HORSE HEADED FOR THE MOUNTAINS...

AFTER THAT, I BLACKED OUT. WHEN I CAME TO, I SAW WHERE THE HORSE HAD BROUGHT ME. TO THE MOUNTAIN CAVE...

TH-THOSE EYES! WH-WHAT'S THAT STARING AT ME?

IT WAS A GIANT BIRD WITH A BROKEN WING! FOR A LONG MOMENT WE STARED AT EACH OTHER WITHOUT MOVING. I WAS BURNING WITH FEVER NOW. I BEGAN TO TALK...

YOU'RE A YOUNG ONE...LIKE ME. BOTH OF US ARE ALONE, BOTH...(GASP)...SORT OF THROWN FROM THE NEST. BOTH OF US WOUNDED TOO... AND IN DANGER. BUT WE'RE FIGHTERS ...WE'RE...

WHEN I REACHED FOR HIM, HE HISSED AND JUMPED BACK, HIS LARGE WINGS FLAPPING MADLY.

HE KEPT TRYING TO TAKE AIR BUT THE BROKEN WING WAS CRUEL BALLAST, DRAGGING HIM DOWN...

C-CAN'T LET YOU GO! CAN'T! YOU'D BE HURT.... JUST LIKE HOLT WOULD HURT ME IF HE FOUND ME NOW!

IF HE HADN'T BEEN WEAK WITH HUNGER, HE'D HAVE TORN MY EYES OUT. I KEPT BEARING DOWN, CRYING TO HIM ALL THE TIME THAT HE MUST STAY, THE TWO OF US WERE KIN.... AND AT LAST I HAD ROPE JESSES AROUND HIS FOOT WITH AN IMPROVISED LEASH TIED TO A SCRUB NEAR THE CAVE MOUTH...

YOUR TALONS DID THIS! I'LL CALL YOU TALON!

I'D COME TO THIS CAVE MANY TIMES BEFORE TO SIT IN THE THICK SHADOWS AND BROOD ABOUT DAD. THAT'S HOW COME I HAD A FOOD CACHE THERE. IF NOT FOR THAT FOOD CACHE I'D NEVER HAVE PULLED THROUGH THE NEXT FEW DAYS. THEY PASSED QUICKLY WITH TALON ALWAYS GLARING AND STRAINING THE LEASH TO TAUT THINNESS AS HE KEPT TRYING TO GET AT ME.

I'D LEFT THE CAVE THIS DAY TO GROPE DOWN TO A STREAM FOR WATER. WHEN I GOT BACK...

A MOUNTAIN LION! HE'S WORKING OVER TALON!

I FOUND MYSELF LEAPING, DRAWING MY KNIFE AND SCREAMING AS I WENT THROUGH THE AIR!

HERE I AM TALON! HERE I AM!

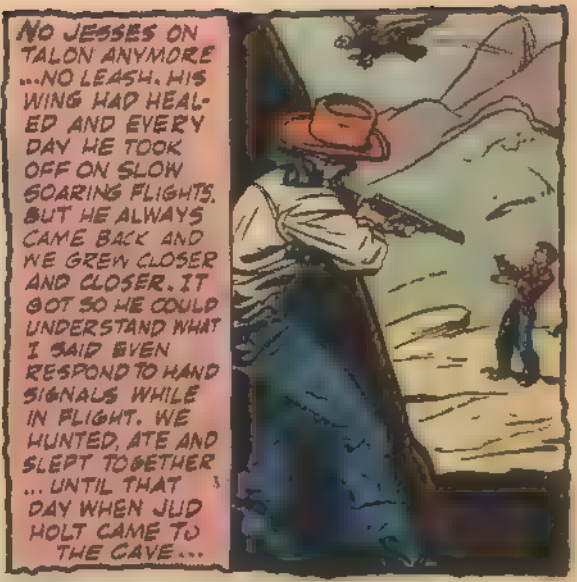
BUT THE LION WAS ROLLING OUT FROM UNDER BEFORE I COULD GET THE BLADE IN... THEN SNARLING AS HE RELEASED FOOT AND CHARGED!

I FELT HIS HOT BREATH, SAW HIS YELLOW FANGS. I CLOSED MY EYES AND STRUCK!

GOT HIM! GOT HIM...!

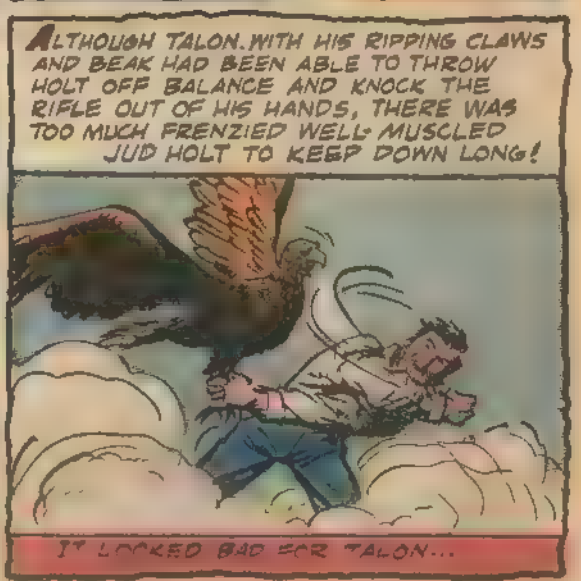
THEN I SAW THAT TALON WAS STRAINING HIS LEASH TAUT-THIN AGAIN...

WE'RE FRIENDS NOW... RIGHT TALON? WE'LL STAY HERE TOGETHER JUST THE TWO OF US TILL MY DAD COMES FOR ME.

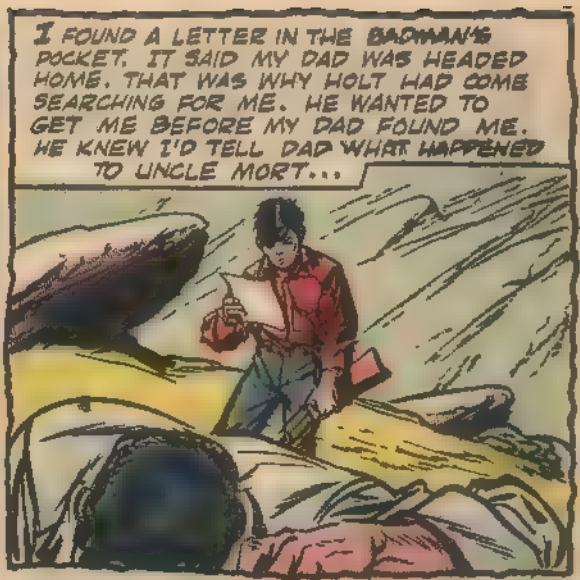

NO JESSES ON TALON ANYMORE ...NO LEASH. HIS WING HAD HEALED AND EVERY DAY HE TOOK OFF ON SLOW SOARING FLIGHTS. BUT HE ALWAYS CAME BACK AND WE GREW CLOSER AND CLOSER. IT GOT SO HE COULD UNDERSTAND WHAT I SAID EVEN RESPOND TO HAND SIGNALS WHILE IN FLIGHT. WE HUNTED, ATE AND SLEPT TOGETHER ... UNTIL THAT DAY WHEN JUD HOLT CAME TO THE CAVE...

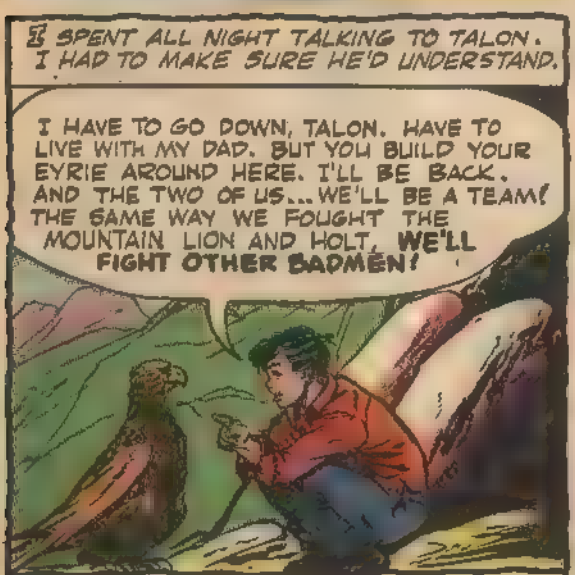
BLAMM!

BUT TALON HAD BEEN SOARING OVERHEAD...

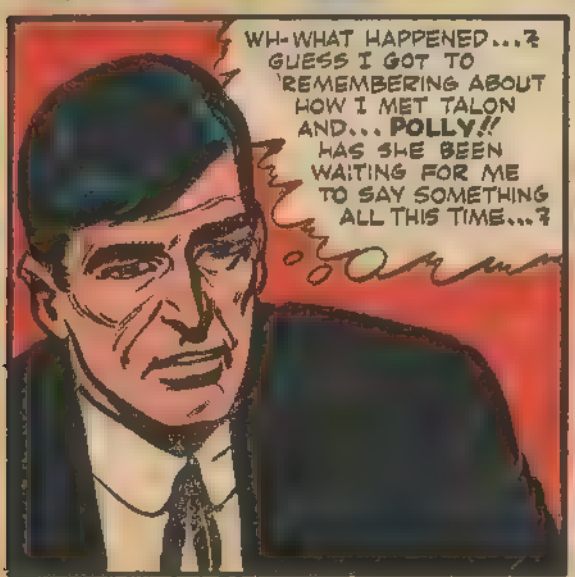

ALTHOUGH TALON, WITH HIS RIPPING CLAWS AND BEAK HAD BEEN ABLE TO THROW HOLT OFF BALANCE AND KNOCK THE RIFLE OUT OF HIS HANDS, THERE WAS TOO MUCH FRENZIED WELL-MUSCLED JUD HOLT TO KEEP DOWN LONG!
IT LOOKED BAD FOR TALON...

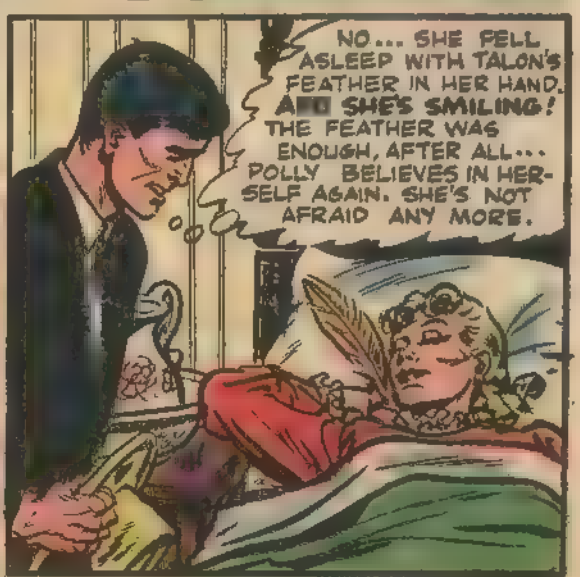
BUT I'D BEEN ONLY STUNNED! THERE WAS TIME TO GRAB HOLT'S RIFLE...


I FOUND A LETTER IN THE BADMAN'S POCKET. IT SAID MY DAD WAS HEADED HOME. THAT WAS WHY HOLT HAD COME SEARCHING FOR ME. HE WANTED TO GET ME BEFORE MY DAD FOUND ME. HE KNEW I'D TELL DAD WHAT HAPPENED TO UNCLE MORT...


I SPENT ALL NIGHT TALKING TO TALON. I HAD TO MAKE SURE HE'D UNDERSTAND.
I HAVE TO GO DOWN, TALON. HAVE TO LIVE WITH MY DAD. BUT YOU BUILD YOUR EYRIE AROUND HERE. I'LL BE BACK. AND THE TWO OF US...WE'LL BE A TEAM! THE SAME WAY WE FOUGHT THE MOUNTAIN LION AND HOLT, WE'LL FIGHT OTHER BADMEN!

TALON SAT SILENTLY WATCHING AS I RODE DOWN FROM THE CAVE. FOR A LONG TIME HE SAT WATCHING. THEN HE TOOK AIR AND SOARED OVERHEAD. EVERYTIME I'D WAVE HE'D DIP A WING...
I'LL BE BACK... I'LL BE BACK!


WH-WHAT HAPPENED...? GUESS I GOT TO REMEMBERING ABOUT HOW I MET TALON AND... POLLY!! HAS SHE BEEN WAITING FOR ME TO SAY SOMETHING ALL THIS TIME...?


NO... SHE FELL ASLEEP WITH TALON'S FEATHER IN HER HAND. AND SHE'S SMILING! THE FEATHER WAS ENOUGH, AFTER ALL... POLLY BELIEVES IN HERSELF AGAIN. SHE'S NOT AFRAID ANY MORE.

SLIM JIM and ROLY-POLY

LIFE AT THE BAR-B-QUE ISN'T PLEASANT WHEN SLIM AND ROLLY ARE OUT OF HUMOR!!
LISSEN, YOU BIG STIFF! I SEEN YOU SLIP THAT ACE OUTER YOUR SLEEVE!!
WHY YOU LARD BARREL! I'LL MAKE YOU EAT THEM WORDS!!
LEGGO MY LEG, YOU WILD COYOTE!!
GLUG! GLUG! I'LL CHEW YOU DOWN TO MY SIZE!
I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN, POLE CAT!!
THAT GOES FOR ME TOO!!
HEY! CUT IT OUT YOU GUYS AND MAKE UP!
A FEW DAYS LATER
SAY THOSE GUYS DON'T MAKE UP WE'LL NEVER HAVE PEACE OR GET ANY WORK DONE!!
I GOT AN IDEA, BOSS— PSSST--BZZ-BZZ-BZZ-
I GOT THOSE PRESENTS I PROMISED YOU OVER IN THE CORRAL YOUR NAMES ARE ON THEM! RIDE THEM OUT HERE!
THAT'S SWELL OF YOU
GEE, THANKS BOSS!
HEY, WHAT'S THE IDEA? HOW CAN I RIDE THIS CRITTER?
IF I FALL OFF EN THIS GIANT, I'LL BREAK MY SKULL!!
I GUESS THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO BOYS...
THANKS, PARDNER, FOR SHOOTIN'!
AND WE AIN'T GONNA FIGHT NO MORE, SLIM!
I TOLD YOU BOSS! NOW WE CAN HAVE SOME PEACE AT BAR-B-QUE!!!
THE END

THE PRINCE ALBERT KID

By BENTON RICE

WINSTON CITY was overflowing with people, wagons, horses, and trouble. For at the end of the week the United States Government was going to open a section of former Indian territory for the homesteader. You didn't have to eavesdrop to hear what was being said. People just had to shout to be heard above the noise of the creeking wagons on the main street. "Hope to get some good farm land," remarked a man from New England. "My land back east was all worked out. Sold everything I had." And an old prospector added, "Bones gettin' too old for farmin'. My old mule wouldn't pull a plow." But the main topic of conversation centered around one theme. *There are four points to the compass. Just where was the government going to open the land. To the North, South, East or West?*

A man dismounted his horse and tied his animal to the hitching rail in front of *The Elegant Hotel.* He was tall and had a small moustache that just reached over the sides of his thin lips. He wore a black sombrero, black Prince Albert, and gray trousers pulled down over a pair of highly polished black boots. He entered the hotel and started walking up the stairs. The clerk shouted, "Hey, where do you think you are going? Are you . . ." and then he stopped as he recognized the Prince Albert Kid.

The clerk quickly apologized. "Sorry I didn't recognize you. Light is bad. We got to protect Mr. Underhill. Sheriff is outside his room waiting for you."

Sheriff Ben Turner was relieved when he saw the Prince Albert Kid.

"Good thing you got here. There's been two attempts on Mr. Underhill's life. And about five times some cuss has tried to steal the land schedule. Feel mighty happy the government sent you here."

"The Prince Albert Kid is here," the sheriff announced, as he knocked at Mr. Underhill's door. "Now I can go home and get some rest. Just let anyone try anything from now on. They'll be mighty sorry they ever started."

John Underhill motioned to his visitor to be seated as he himself sat down on the bed. "It's been like a terrible nightmare with the land schedule in my possession. My life just isn't worth a cent to some people. If they knew which section of land the government planned to open they could sell the information and make a fortune. The end of the week can't get here to soon for me."

The Prince Albert Kid smiled. "Now that I'm here I think you can do a bit of relaxing. After all, you've had a tough year surveying the land and deciding which was the best to open to the public. Where is the schedule?" The tired surveyor put his hand inside his shirt and took off a cloth money belt. He opened it and handed the Prince Albert Kid a document which was wrapped in silken oiled cloth. The West's famous man of action opened it and read the contents. Then he returned the land schedule and said, "You keep on wearing it in that money belt. Now we are going out for a bit of air."

The two walked down the stairs and out of the hotel. Side by side they walked without talking. As they passed a saloon, a group of noisy, drunken men came up to them. A tall, red-headed man looked at John Underhill. "Here's that government surveyor," he snarled. "We oughta string him up and make him tell us which section they are going to open. Bet if I filled him with some lead he might loosen his tongue." As though to carry out the second part of his threat he went for his gun.

With lightning speed, the Prince Albert Kid drew his two guns and a startled group of men saw the muzzles of two deadly .45's pointing in their direction. "If you go for your gun you'll never live to get it out of the holster," warned the man behind the

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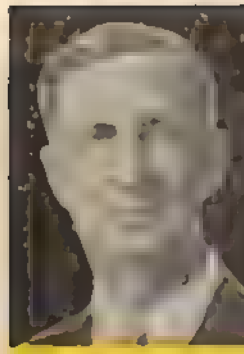

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tarted to repair sets six months after enrolling. ned $12 to $15 a wee.

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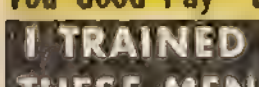
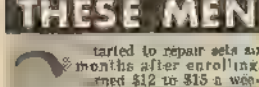
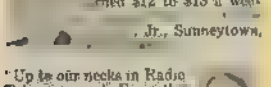


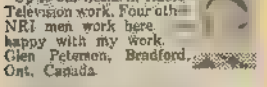
" Up to our necks in Radio Television work. Four oth NRI men work here happy with my work. Glen Petersen, Bradford, Ont., Canada



oing Radio and n Servicing full time. Now have my own I owe my success to Curtis Stath, Ft



"Am with WCOC. NRI course can't be beat. trouble passing 1st, 2d Radio-phone license exam —Jesse W Parker, Meridian, Mississippi



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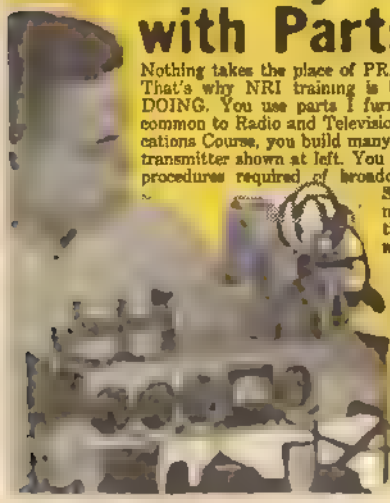

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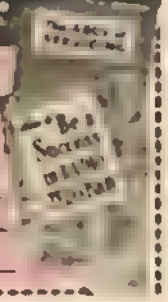

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two Colts. The red-headed stranger beat a hasty retreat. "Just havin' a little fun, mister. Didn't mean anything by it." And as he spoke he quickly withdrew his hand from the direction of his holster.

"I'm not exactly a coward," suggested John Underhill, "but if this keeps up, I may get a heart attack. Let's go back." The Prince Albert Kid agreed and they returned to the hotel.

When they got to the room, the Prince Albert Kid took the key from young Underhill and placed it in the lock. He turned it to the left to open the door. Nothing clicked. Then he turned the key to the right and heard the click. Again he turned the key. "This door was closed when we left. Now it's open. Something's happened. You get back to the side while I kick the door open." With his body against the wall, he kicked the door open.

Two loud reports greeted the men. On the table was a double barreled shot gun." "What a contraption," said the Prince Albert Kid. "Someone figured to murder both of us. And then what?"

As he turned around the clerk of the hotel, Walter Pierson, was in the room. "Heard the shots and ran right up," he said almost breathlessly. "What happened?" The clerk saw the gun of death and that was an answer in itself. "Oh," he groaned.

That evening, the Prince Albert Kid tried to figure out a puzzle. "It doesn't make sense," he admitted half aloud. "This attempt to kill us. Just how did our would-be murderer expect to benefit? Putting us out of the way would give him the information. Or would it?" A little smile began to play on his lips and it was evident he felt he had the key to the puzzle. But getting evidence would be another thing.

The next morning there was a visitor to see the Prince Albert Kid. He was the red-headed man who almost had started something. "My name is Jeff Giles," he said. "and I am mighty 'shamed of the way I acted. Heard about the attempt to kill both of you. Only a polecat would try something like that. If there is anything I can do to make amends, just call on me."

The Prince Albert Kid studied the face of Jeff Giles carefully. He had to decide if the man could be trusted. "There is something you can do. We must find out who tried to kill us because they probably will do it again. And if there's one fellow I don't want to wish success — he's my would-be killer."

Late that evening the lobby of the hotel was deserted. The clerk sat with his eyes fixed on the staircase. With anger clearly written all over his face, Jeff Giles rushed into the hotel. "Where you going?" asked the clerk. "To kill those two fellows upstairs. If the Prince Albert Kid thinks he can make a fool out of me, he's got another thought comin' to him." Jeff went for his gun and it was soon in his right hand. "I'm going to knock on the door and when it opens, I'll finish them both off."

The clerk watched Jeff Giles walk upstairs. His keen ears heard a knock on the door. Then the door opened. There were two shots. A body fell to the floor. Then the anguished voice of the Prince Albert Kid moaned, "You killed both of us." And another body fell to the floor.

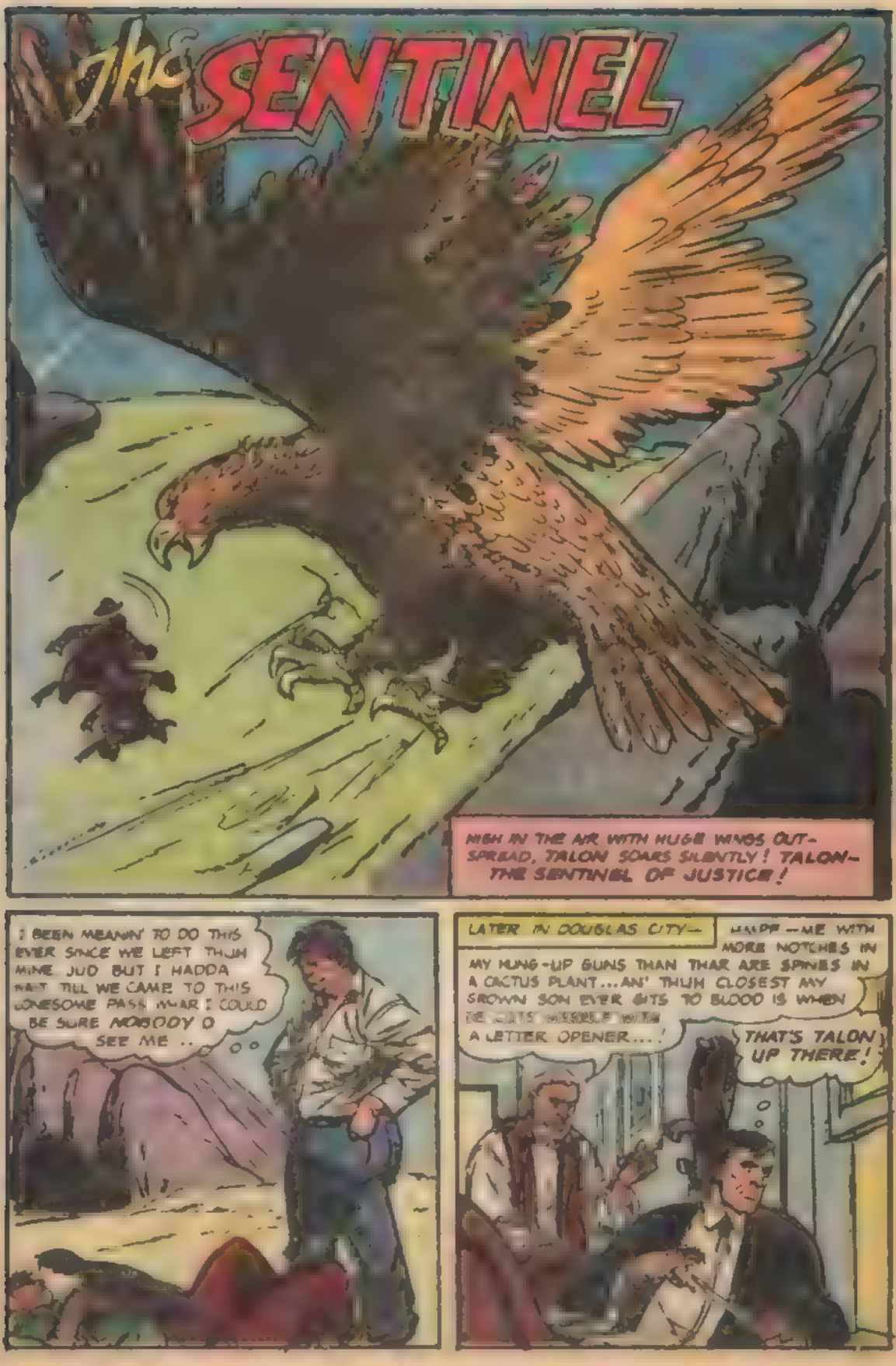
The clerk dashed upstairs to the room. Jeff Giles was looking at the two figures on the floor. The gun was in his hand. "Give me that gun," ordered the clerk. The command was obeyed. The clerk held Jeff's gun in his right hand. Then with his left hand he went for his own derringer. "I'm going to kill you right now," he announced. "Why?" pleaded Jeff. "It's your job to turn me over to the sheriff."

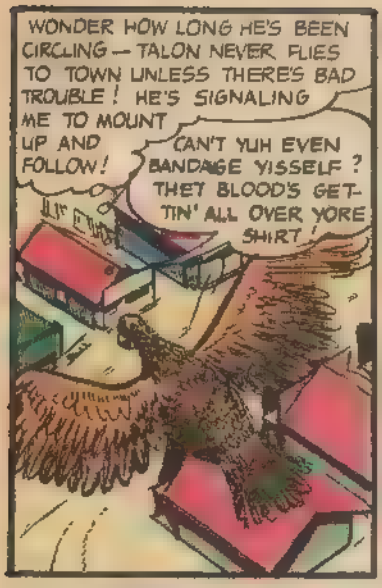
The clerk laughed. "I'll be a hero by killing you. And at the same time I'll get that land schedule from Underhill's body. And I will . . ." But he never finished those words. The corpse of the Prince Albert Kid turned over and threw the clerk to the floor. Then the closet door opened and Sheriff Ben Turner took charge of his prisoner. "Mighty warm in that closet." said the sheriff.

It was a week after the government opened the north section to the public that the sheriff came to the point. "How did you really know it was the clerk behind all the trouble?"

"Easy," replied the Prince Albert Kid. "He would have been the first up if we were killed. In fact he was the first up when the gun he set up fired. And it could only have been someone with a key. He was so nervous he left the door unlocked. Thanks to Jeff Giles we trapped him."

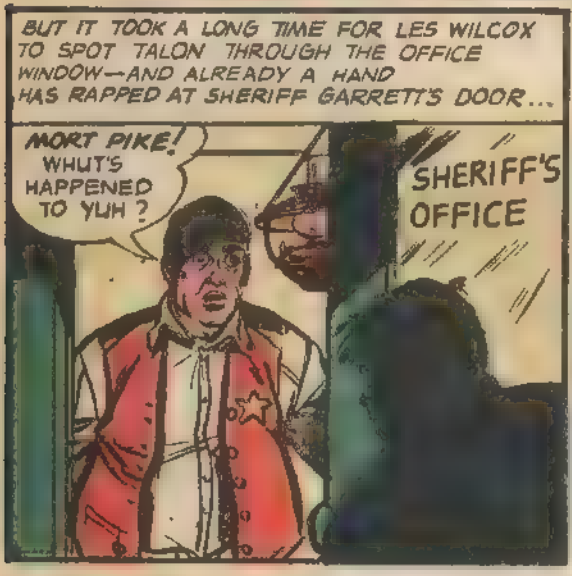
THE END

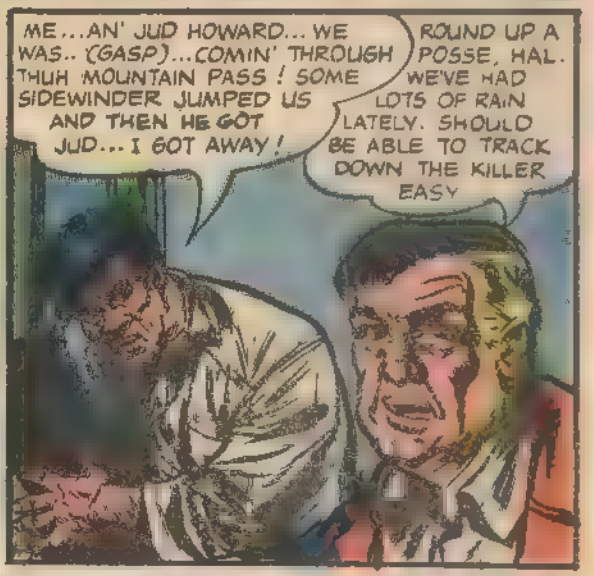

The SENTINEL
HIGH IN THE AIR WITH HUGE WINGS OUT-SPREAD, TALON SOARS SILENTLY! TALON—THE SENTINEL OF JUSTICE!
I BEEN MEANIN' TO DO THIS EVER SINCE WE LEFT THUH MINE, JUD BUT I HADDA WAIT TILL WE CAME TO THIS LONESOME PASS WHAR I COULD BE SURE NOBODY O SEE ME ..
LATER IN DOUGLAS CITY—
HARPP—ME WITH MORE NOTCHES IN MY HUNG-UP GUNS THAN THAR ARE SPINES IN A CACTUS PLANT...AN' THUH CLOSEST MY SHROWN SON EVER GITS TO BLOOD IS WHEN HE CUTS HIMSELF WITH A LETTER OPENER...!
THAT'S TALON UP THERE!

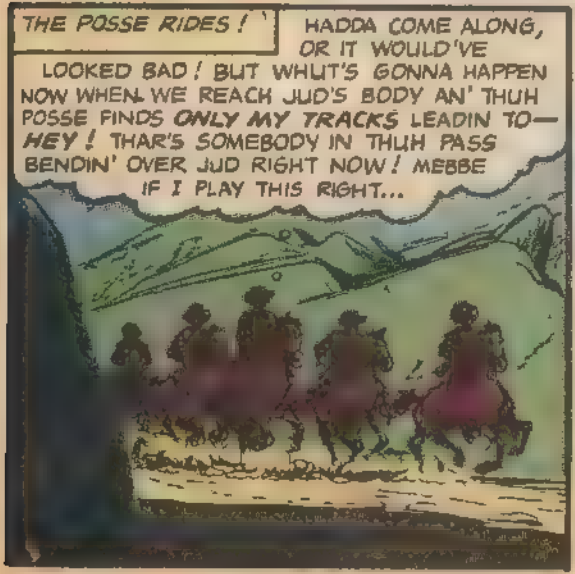

WONDER HOW LONG HE'S BEEN CIRCLING — TALON NEVER FLIES TO TOWN UNLESS THERE'S BAD TROUBLE! HE'S SIGNALING ME TO MOUNT UP AND FOLLOW!
CAN'T YUH EVEN BANDAGE YISSELF? THET BLOOD'S GET-TIN' ALL OVER YORE SHIRT!

ANYTHIN' WRONG? WHAR YUH HEADED TO?
HAVE TO GO TO ULSTER GAP, DAD. LAWYER-FR END OF MINE THERE HAS SOME LAW BOOKS I NEED.

SHUDDA KNOWN IT WOULD HAVE SUMP-THIN' TO DO WITH LAW BOOKS...
TALON'S HEADED FOR THE MOUNTA NS! HE'S SIGNALING FOR ME TO RIDE FASTER!

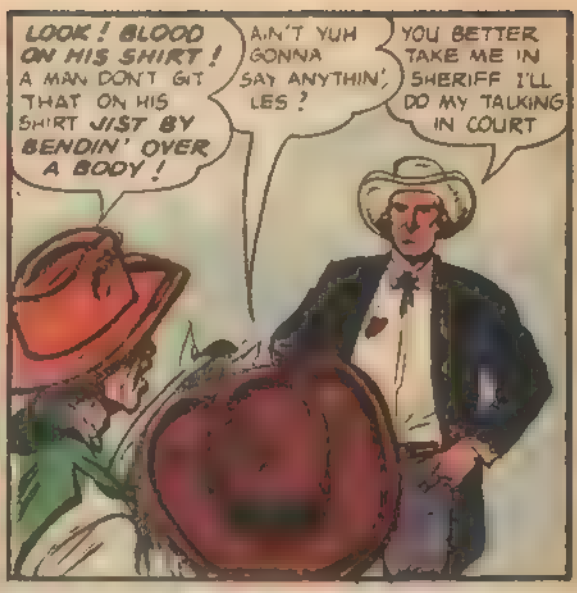

BUT IT TOOK A LONG TIME FOR LES WILCOX TO SPOT TALON THROUGH THE OFFICE WINDOW—AND ALREADY A HAND HAS RAPPED AT SHERIFF GARRETT'S DOOR...
MORT PIKE! WHUT'S HAPPENED TO YUH?
SHERIFF'S OFFICE

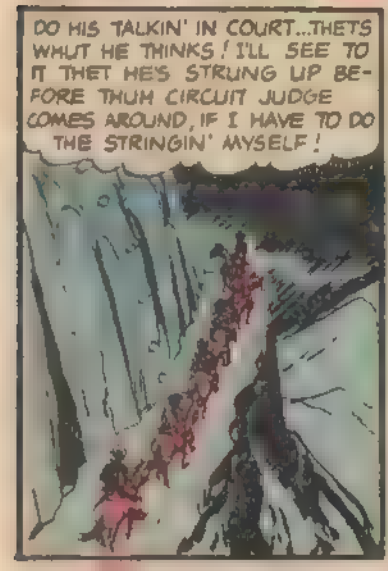

ME...AN' JUD HOWARD... WE WAS.. (GASP)...COMIN' THROUGH THUH MOUNTAIN PASS! SOME SIDEWINDER JUMPED US AND THEN HE GOT JUD... I GOT AWAY!
ROUND UP A POSSE, HAL. WE'VE HAD LOTS OF RAIN LATELY. SHOULD BE ABLE TO TRACK DOWN THE KILLER EASY


THE POSSE RIDES!
HADDA COME ALONG, OR IT WOULD'VE LOOKED BAD! BUT WHUT'S GONNA HAPPEN NOW WHEN WE REACH JUD'S BODY AN' THUH POSSE FINDS ONLY MY TRACKS LEADIN TO— HEY! THAR'S SOMEBODY IN THUH PASS BENDIN' OVER JUD RIGHT NOW! MEBBE IF I PLAY THIS RIGHT...

LES WILCOX! WHUT'RE YOU DOIN' HERE?
SHERIFF — HE'S THUH SIDEW NDER THET GOT JUD!

THET DUDE RANCHER JUMP TWO MEN WITH A KNIFE? WHUT RE YUH—LOCO?
BUT AIN'T WILCOX ALWAYS IN HIS OFFICE THIS TIME OF DAY, SHERIFF? HOW COME HE AIN'T TOLE US WHUT HE'S DOIN' OUT HERE?
CAN'T LET THEM KNOW ABOUT TALON AND ME. HAVE TO PLAY FOR TIME..


LOOK! BLOOD ON HIS SHIRT! A MAN DON'T GIT THAT ON HIS SHIRT JIST BY BENDIN' OVER A BODY!
AIN'T YUH GONNA SAY ANYTHIN', LES?
YOU BETTER TAKE ME IN SHERIFF I'LL DO MY TALKING IN COURT

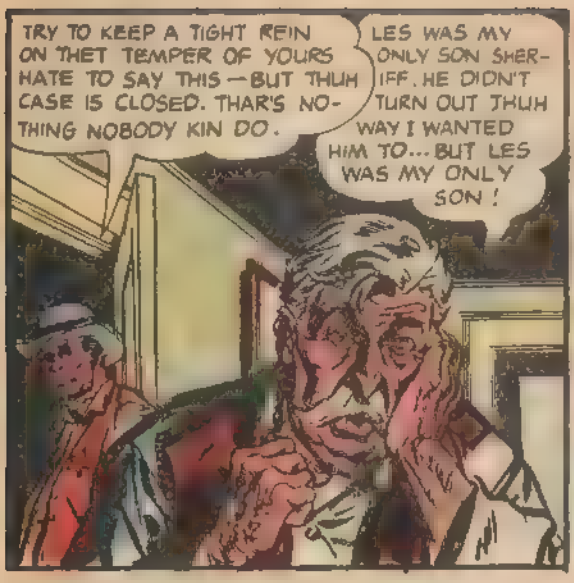

DO HIS TALKIN' IN COURT...THETS WHUT HE THINKS! I'LL SEE TO IT THET HE'S STRUNG UP BEFORE THUH CIRCUIT JUDGE COMES AROUND, IF I HAVE TO DO THE STRINGIN' MYSELF!

TRAIL NARROWS HERE. HAVE TO DIG MY SPURS IN HARD.—SEND MY MOUNT OVER THE EDGE. ONLY WAY TO KEEP THE SECRET OF TALON AND ME...

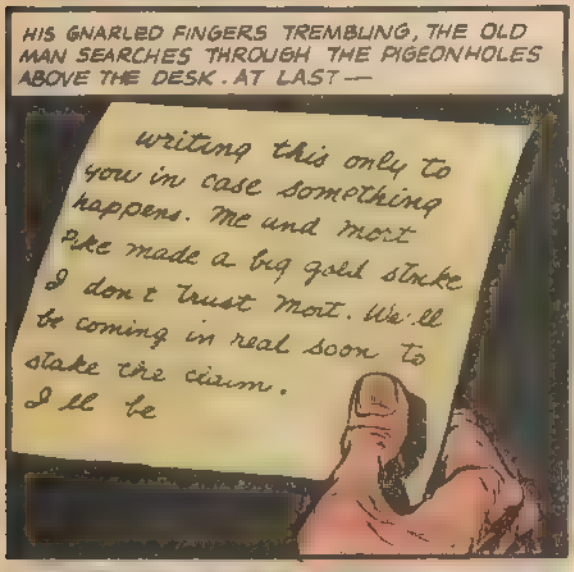
HEY!
WHUT THUH!

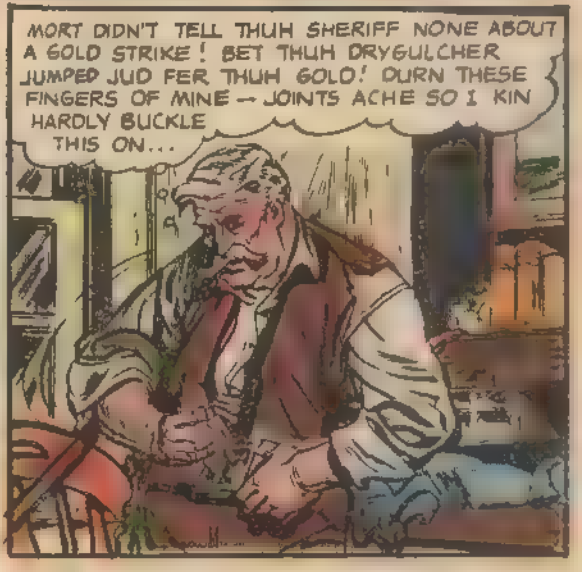
CAN'T SEE HIM DOWN THAR—TOO DARK
HE'S GONE FER SURE! LAWYERS GOT BRITTLE BONES.
GUESS THET SEWS UP YORE CASE—HUH, SHERIFF?

WHEN LES IN LCOX'S FATHER HEARS WHAT HAPPENED—
I—I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! WHUT WOULD LES'VE WANTED TO KILL ANYBODY FER? AN' THEN TO TAKE HIS OWN LIFE BY RIDIN' OVER A CLIFF! I CAIN'T BELIEVE IT!

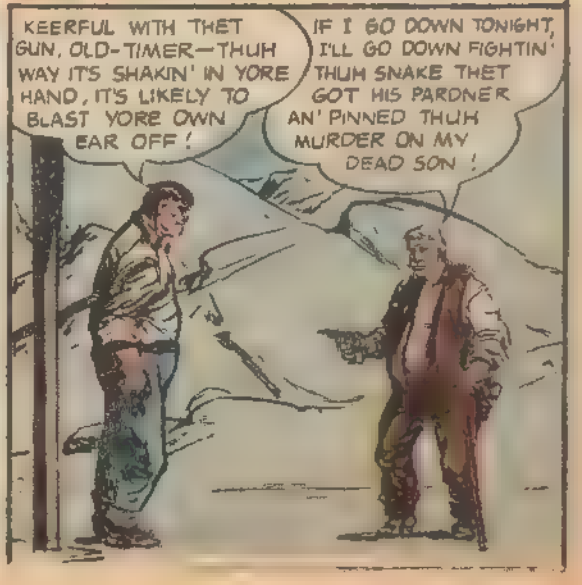

TRY TO KEEP A TIGHT REIN ON THET TEMPER OF YOURS HATE TO SAY THIS — BUT THUH CASE IS CLOSED. THAR'S NOTHING NOBODY KIN DO.
LES WAS MY ONLY SON SHERIFF. HE DIDN'T TURN OUT THUH WAY I WANTED HIM TO... BUT LES WAS MY ONLY SON!

THE OLD MAN IS ALONE NOW
I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT! LES DIDN'T HAVE A MEAN HAIR ON HIS HEAD. AN' WHY SHOULD HE KILL JUD HOWELL OF ALL MEN! JUD THOUGHT THE WORLD OF LES EVER SINCE LES DEFENDED HIM THET TI... HMM — COME TO THINK OF IT. LES TOLE ME JIST THUH OTHER DAY HE GOT A LETTER FROM JUD.


HIS GNARLED FINGERS TREMBLING, THE OLD MAN SEARCHES THROUGH THE PIGEONHOLES ABOVE THE DESK. AT LAST —
writing this only to you in case something happens. me und mort pike made a big gold strike I don't trust mort. We'll be coming in real soon to stake the claim. I'll be


MORT DIDN'T TELL THUH SHERIFF NONE ABOUT A GOLD STRIKE! BET THUH DRYGULCHER JUMPED JUD FER THUH GOLD! DURN THESE FINGERS OF MINE — JOINTS ACHE SO I KIN HARDLY BUCKLE THIS ON...

THIS HERE'S WHAR MORT HOLES UP WHEN HE'S IN TOWN...
COME ON OUT, MORT — I WANT A TALK WITH YUH!


KEERFUL WITH THET GUN, OLD-TIMER — THUH WAY IT'S SHAKIN' IN YORE HAND, IT'S LIKELY TO BLAST YORE OWN EAR OFF!
IF I GO DOWN TONIGHT, I'LL GO DOWN FIGHTIN' THUH SNAKE THET GOT HIS PARDNER AN' PINNED THUH MURDER ON MY DEAD SON!

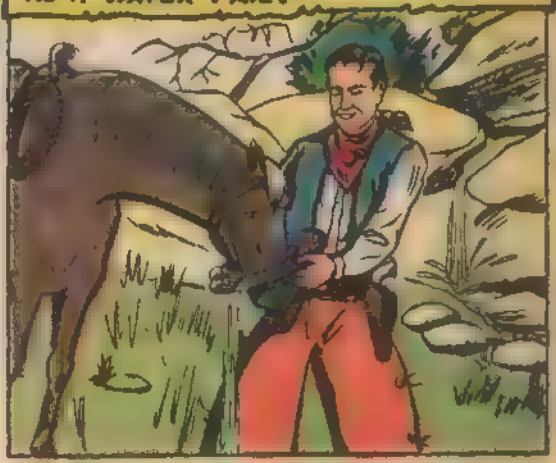
SHOULD'VE KNOWN AN OLE INJUN SCOUT LIKE YOU WOULD KETCH ON FAST. SURE—I KILLED JUD. HIM AN' ME STRUCK A GOLD VEIN THICK AS A BUFFALO'S HUMP, AN' I DIDN'T FIGGER ON SHARIN' ALL THET GOLD! BUT I OVERPLAYED MY HAND BY REPORTIN' IT TO THUH SHERIFF TOO FAST. HADDA RIDE WITH THUH POSSE—AN I'D BE SWINGIN' FROM A TREE NOW IF WE DIDN'T FIND YORE SON...
...BENDIN' OVER JUD'S BODY! STILL DON'T KNOW WHUT HE WAS DOIN' THAR OR WHY HE WOULDN'T TALK
THUH OLE MAN'S EYES ARE SO BAD, HE DON'T SEE ME MOVIN' CLOSER!
SUDDENLY—
HEH-HEH-HEH— IF NOT FER THET TEMPER OF YOURS, OLE MAN, YUH'D HAVE THOUGHT TO CALL IN THUH SHERIFF INSTEAD OF TRYING TO TACKLE ME ALONE! WAL NOW...
BUT AT THAT MOMENT THE MASKED RAIDER GALLOPS OUT OF THE NIGHT, WITH BLAZING GUNS
HE'S DOWN, OLD MAN— YOU'RE OUT OF DANGER.
SURE, HE'S DOWN B-BUT... (SOB)... THET DON'T BRING MY BOY, LES, BACK TO LIFE AGAIN!
WHY DOES THE MASKED RAIDER HESITATE TO RE-

I...I CAN'T TELL HIM! DAD'S TOO FULL OF FIRE—ALWAYS READY TO FLARE UP! HE'D WANT TO RIDE OUT WITH ME EVERYTIME I TEAM UP WITH TALON AS THE MASKED RAIDER HE'D GET HURT...
I'D LOOSENED THE ROPES BINDING MY HANDS, SO THE FALL FROM THE CLIFF GAVE ME NO TROUBLE. LUCKY I'D SPOTTED MORT AS THE KILLER. THAT'S HOW COME I RODE HERE FAST AS I COULD AFTER SWITCHING CLOTHES AT THE SECRET CAVE..
TH-THET GUN! GOTTA GIT MY HANDS ON IT BE-FORE THEY TURN...
FIRST THUH MASKED RAIDER... THEN THUH OLD MAN! HERE GOES...
JUST THEN—
AIIEE!
WHUT THUH—!
GOOD WORK...
...TALON!
I'LL BE—! THUH BLAMED EAGLE DIVED DOWN AN' PINNED MORT'S SHOOTIN' HAND TO THUH GROUND! SHERIFF! HEY, SHERIFF!
THE NEXT MORNING...
LES! YUH'RE ALIVE! ARE YUH HURT, SON?
NOT MUCH, DAD— BUT I NEVER DID GET TO ULSTER GAP TO BORROW THOSE LAW BOOKS...

COWBOY HATS

THE TEN GALLON HAT IS THE HALLMARK OF A COWBOY!

THE WIDE BRIM ACTS AS A SUNSHIELD! THE LARGE CROWN ALLOWS FOR PLENTY OF AIR SO THE COWBOY'S HEAD DOESN'T GET TOO HOT.' IN AN EMERGENCY THE HAT COULD BE USED AS A WATER PAIL.'



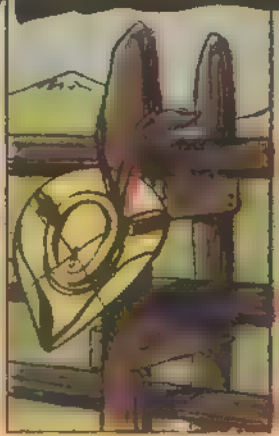
MODERN RODEO COWBOYS WEAR DISTINCTIVE HATS, EACH INDIVIDUALLY SHAPED.'

BUT MOST DESERT COWBOYS PREFER A CHEAP 98¢ STRAW.' FIRST THE HAT IS SOAKED IN A HORSE TROUGH TO BREAK DOWN THE ORIGINAL BLOCKING.

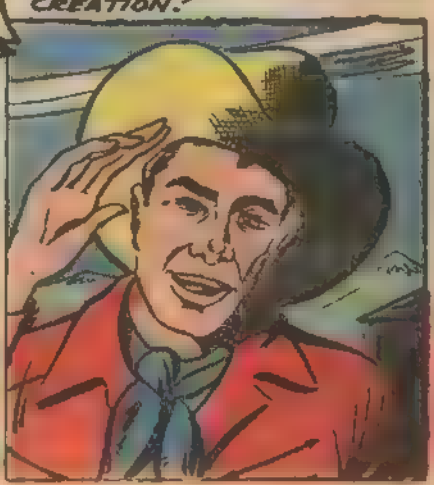
WHILE STILL WET THE HAT IS MOLDED WITH EXTRA RIDGES TO GIVE IT PROPER DASH.'

YER GOIN' TER BE A REGULAR DUDE, LEM!

TIED AROUND WITH A BELT, THE HAT IS THEN LEFT IN THE OPEN FOR THE SUN AND WIND TO DRY AND MOLD IT.'



A FEW FINISHING TOUCHES AND THE HAT IS READY FOR WEAR.' THE OWNER IS "RIGHT PROUD" OF HIS OWN CREATION.'



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No. 777 **1.00**

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NO SKILL REQUIRED
5 VARIATIONS INCLUDED

Brass cover is placed on four nickels, a spectator removes the cover and four dimes are discovered. The nickels have apparently vanished into thin air. The brass cover may be examined. Many other startling effects can be performed.

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AMAZING WRIST RADIO

No. 2 **2.00**

A necessary tool for the amateur magician and a good joke too. Plastic, 14" inches long with white tips and a black center. 5 exciting tricks—Rises, jumps, produces silk, etc.

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Talk, Sing, Play thru your radio

1.00

Place it on a chair under a cushion, then watch the fun when someone sits down! It gives forth embarrassing noises. Made of rubber, and inflatable. A scream at parties and gatherings.

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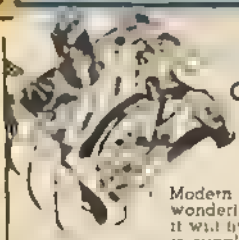
The most popular joke novelty in years! Wind up and wear it like a ring. When you shake hands, it almost raises the victim off his feet with a "shocking sensation". Absolutely harmless.

No. 239 Only **50¢**



POWERFUL COMPACT ONE TUBE RADIO

Pocket Size . . . Brings in stations up to 1000 miles away

Modern electronics make this wonderful set possible. So small it will fit in a pocket. Everything is supplied for you. Easy to assemble in a few minutes.

miles away can be heard. Learn how they were made. Learn important things about radio.

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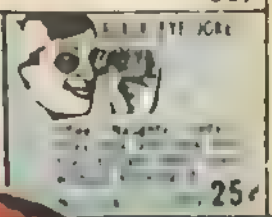

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Costume Set Designed for Every Boy

Style 180M

Style 180M. For you he-men, we've got the newest, most exciting and tremendous play suit of its time. A complete Superman outfit in fine durable washable rayon gabardine. Outfit includes red cape with screened Superman figure, navy and red suit with gilt figure "S" and belt. Be first to get this wonderful outfit. Sizes 4-14 ..... **6.98**

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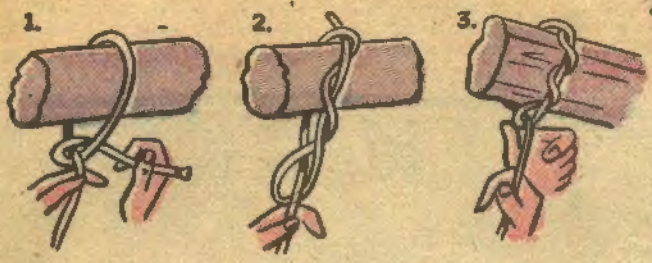
PISTOL PACKING PATTIE
---HAS A BLOCK PARTY!
:GULP: SURLY JOE IS THROWING A BIG ROCK RIGHT AT THE MAYOR'S HEAD!
THAT ROCK WILL CRUSH THE MAYOR'S HEAD! I'VE GOT TO ACT PRONTO!
BULL'S-EYE!
BRUM!
HUH?
:GULP:
I'D BETTER GIT FROM HYAR--- :GULP:
YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE YET!
NOW START EXPLAINING! WHAT WAS THE IDEA OF TRYING TO SMASH THE MAYOR'S HEAD IN?
HE DESERVED IT! I ASKED HIM TO MAKE ME HIS ASSISTANT, BUT HE REFUSED! HE'S THE BIGGEST BLOCK IN THE WAY OF MY SUCCESS!
OF COURSE HE REFUSED! YOU'RE TOO DUMB TO BE A COYOTE'S ASSISTANT, LET ALONE THE MAYOR'S! GET WISE TO YOURSELF, THE BIGGEST BLOCK IN THE WAY OF YOUR SUCCESS IS YOUR HEAD, YOU BLOCKHEAD!
HA, HA!

AND NOW WE'LL GO ON TO SOME MORE HELPFUL AND USEFUL KNOTS!

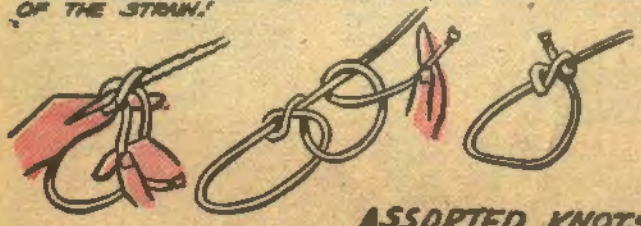
TIMBER HITCH

PASS END OF ROPE UNDER AND AROUND LOG. CARRY END UNDER AND OVER THE STANDING PART. TWIST THE END AROUND ITS OWN PART A FEW TIMES.



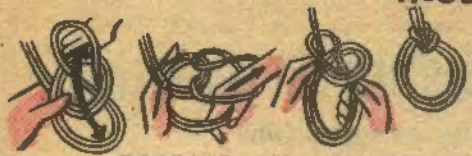
TAUTLINE HITCH

THIS KNOT FORMS A LOOP WHICH WILL NOT SLIP WHEN ROPE IS TAUT, BUT WILL SLIP WHEN TENSION IS RELEASED! IT IS USEFUL FOR TYING TENT GUY LINES TO PEGS! IT IS TIED THE SAME AS TWO HALF HITCHES, EXCEPT THAT THERE IS AN EXTRA TURN AROUND THE STANDING PART, IN THE DIRECTION OF THE STRAIN!



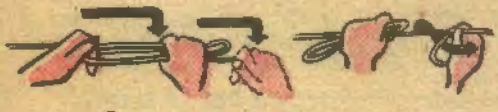
ASSORTED KNOTS

LARIAT LOOP



BOWLINE ON A BIGHT

HITCHING TIE



SHEEPSHANK

SLIP KNOT

GIRTH HITCH

STEVEDORE

PIPE HITCH

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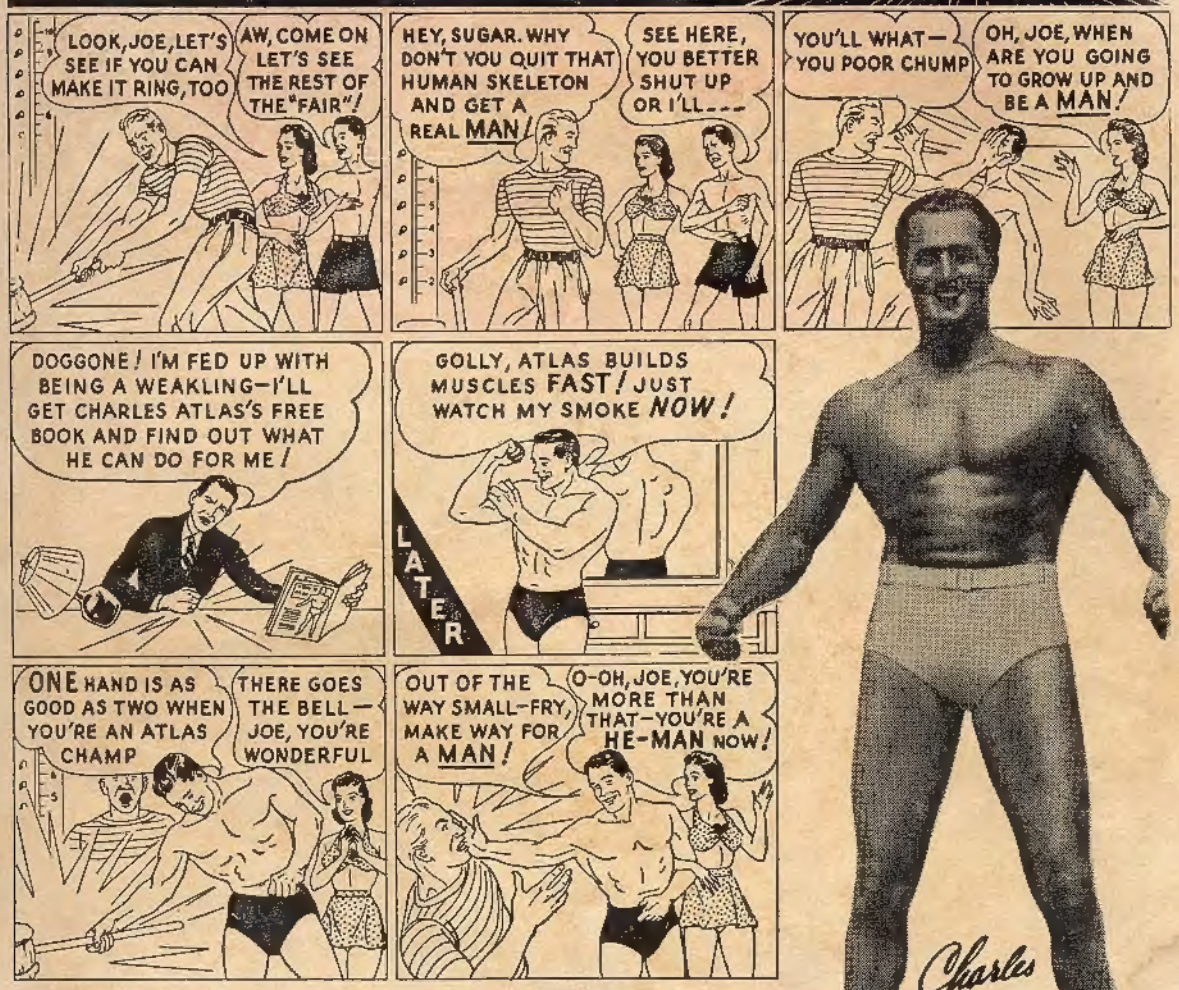
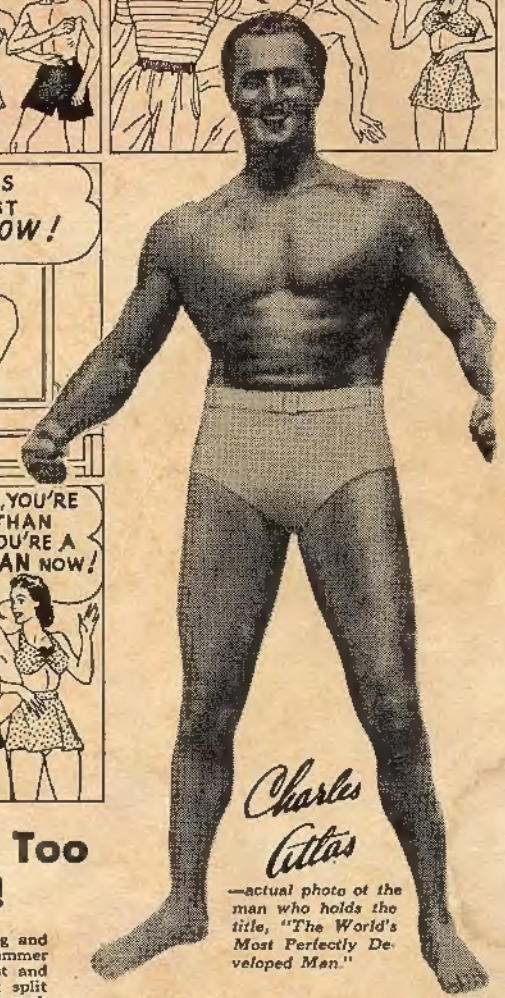
The Insult That Turned a "CHUMP" Into a CHAMP


LOOK, JOE, LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN MAKE IT RING, TOO
AW, COME ON LET'S SEE THE REST OF THE "FAIR"!
HEY, SUGAR. WHY DON'T YOU QUIT THAT HUMAN SKELETON AND GET A REAL MAN!
SEE HERE, YOU BETTER SHUT UP OR I'LL---
YOU'LL WHAT— YOU POOR CHUMP
OH, JOE, WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO GROW UP AND BE A MAN!
DOGGONE! I'M FED UP WITH BEING A WEAKLING—I'LL GET CHARLES ATLAS'S FREE BOOK AND FIND OUT WHAT HE CAN DO FOR ME!
GOLLY, ATLAS BUILDS MUSCLES FAST! JUST WATCH MY SMOKE NOW!
LATER
ONE HAND IS AS GOOD AS TWO WHEN YOU'RE AN ATLAS CHAMP
THERE GOES THE BELL— JOE, YOU'RE WONDERFUL
OUT OF THE WAY SMALL-FRY, MAKE WAY FOR A MAN!
O-OH, JOE, YOU'RE MORE THAN THAT—YOU'RE A HE-MAN NOW!



Charles Atlas

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

HAVE YOU ever felt like Joe—absolutely fed up with having bigger, huskier fellows "push you around"? If you have, then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'LL PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality!

"*Dynamic Tension.*" That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a scrawny, 97-pound weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

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Using "*Dynamic Tension*" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest size, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

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Almost before you realize it, you will notice a general "toning up" of your entire system! You will have more pep, bright eyes, clear head, real spring and zip in your step! You get sledge-hammer fists, a battering ram punch—chest and back muscles so big they almost split your coat seams—ridges of solid stomach muscle—mighty legs that never get tired. You're a New Man!

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Send NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." 32 pages, packed with photographs, valuable advice. Shows what *Dynamic Tension* can do; answers vital questions. Book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just glancing through it may change your whole life. Rush coupon to me personally: **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 325Q 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.**

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I want the proof that your system of "*Dynamic Tension*" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

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BOYS' OR GIRLS' BICYCLE
JET ENGINE PLANE FLIES 500 FEET!
TYPEWRITER
WHITE ZIPPER BIBLE
CHEMISTRY SET
RADIO RECEIVING SET FOR SCOUTS
HERE'S HOW YOU GET YOUR PRIZES
Rush your name and address on coupon and we ship AT ONCE PREPAID your first set of 24 big size richly decorated Mottos On 15 Days TRUST. When you have sold the 24 Mottos, send the $8.40 you have collected and you can secure your choice of many wonderful prizes. Hurry, send TODAY for 24 Mottos ON TRUST and big PRIZE CATALOG FREE!
FREE Membership in FUNman's Fun Club
EXTRA! Sell mottos and send payment within 15 days, and we'll give you FREE a year's Membership in the FUNman's Fun Club. Membership card, certificate, secret code, giant packet of fun materials all yours—PLUS many extra surprises!
The FUNman, Dept. V-109, 5726 N. Broadway, Chicago 40, Ill. FREE BIG PRIZE CATALOG
Please rush to me on 15 days credit 24 Religious Wall Mottos, to sell at 35c each. Also include big Prize Catalog FREE. I will remit amount required as explained under description of prize in BIG PRIZE CATALOG within 15 days and select the prize I want or keep a cash commission as explained.
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